THE

# *LADY's*

# MONTHLY MUSEUM.

NOV. 1806.

## *PRINCESS MARY.*

THE Princess Mary (of whom the portrait for this month presents a very beautiful and striking resemblance) was born April 25, 1776. She is the fourth daughter of our beloved Sovereign, and it must be as gratifying to every one of our fair readers as it is to us, to behold her Royal Highness equally the pattern of excellence with the illustrious group with which our new series has presented them. When exalted rank, transcendent beauty, and spotless virtue, combine their attractions for the pen of the biographer, cold and insensible must be the heart of him who could resist the benign inspiration. A subject is here presented for the glowing effusions of the most ardent imagination; and Flattery, unable to delineate with her wonted extravagance of colouring, shrinks from her usual occupation, leaving the fair tablet of praise pure and unsullied for the pencil of TRUTH. The encouragement which the arts and sciences have met with in the studies of the Princesses, was forcibly expressed (with a very elegant and merited compliment to their Royal Highnesses) in the strong and manly language of Mr. West, the late President of the Royal Academy. It is not only Music and Painting, to the cultivation of which the Princesses devote a considerable portion of their time; there are not wanting proofs of a poetic talent that reflect infinite credit on the accomplished minds which produced them. One of these is *reported* to be a very beautiful glee, entitled, "the Butterfly's ball, and the Grasshopper's feast,"

set to music in an admirable style, by Mr. Smart, jun. It was performed at the last anniversary dinner of the New Musical Fund, and received with the most unbounded and deserved approbation. We cannot positively speak to the truth of its being the production of either of the Princesses, but, as the report of the day was to that effect, and as it displays great and happy exertions of Fancy, we are pleased in the opportunity of presenting it to our fair patronesses.

## *THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL,*

AND THE

## GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST.

COME, take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's ball and the Grasshopper's feast:
The trumpeter Gad-fly has summon'd the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth shaven grass by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak, which for ages had stood,
See the children of earth, and the tenants of air,
To an ev'nings amusement together repair.

And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back;
And there came the Gnat, and the Dragon-fly too,
And all their relations, green, orange and blue.

And there came the Moth, with her plumage of down,
And the Hornet, with jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the Wasp, his companion, did bring,
But they promis'd that ev'ning to lay by their sting.

Then the sly little Dormouse peep'd out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind cousin, the Mole;
And the Snail, with her horns peeping out of her shell,
Came fatigued with the distance, the length of an ell.

A Mushroom the table, and on it was spread
A Water-dock leaf, which their table-cloth made.
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought the honey, to crown the repast.

With steps most majestic the Snail did advance,
And he promis'd the gazers a Minuet to dance:
But they all laugh'd so loud that he drew in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then as ev'ning gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came out with his light:
So home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you and for me.

But it is not to ornamental attainments alone that the minds of the Princesses of this kingdom direct their attention; the sacred studies of Religion and Virtue occupy a far larger portion of their time; and the benefits derived from such invaluable pursuits appear to influence the lives and actions of every female branch of the Royal Family. The character of a great nation is held in estimation according to the manners and example of its Court, and rises or declines as the rays which beam from the *Throne* are cheering or depressing:—with pride and exultation do we then hail this blessed country, whose children behold with joy and veneration the unsurpassed, nay, almost unparalleled, examples of human excellence that adorn the THRONE of GREAT BRITAIN.

## *LADY CATHERINE LONG.*

Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods permit th' event of things:
Our lives, discolour'd with a present woe,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours.
So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear—and as it runs, refines,
Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines;
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows.

ADDISON.

THE influence of biography upon the manners of society may, like the loadstone, be said to produce a double effect; for it has the power of rendering virtue sweetly attractive, and of painting vice in colours calculated to repel its approach.—The hand of *truth* should always guide the pen of the biographer, or, instead of being the accurate delineator of a genuine character, he becomes a parasite; and

his remarks are of course read without interest, and neither afford instruction nor delight.

The appearance of virtue is at once so lovely and attractive, that vice frequently finds it necessary to borrow her form, and by these means imposes upon the inexperienced, and those who are too ingenuous to suspect the cheat.—"A *virtuous woman* is a crown to her husband," observes the sacred writer, "and her value beyond price;" and it would be difficult to find, in the page of ancient or modern history, a female more strictly deserving this appellation than the subject of the ensuing remarks.

Retiring, as she has long done, from the eye of public observation, yet, rendered *conspicuous* by the *form* of *virtuous deeds*, Lady Catherine Long may deservedly be considered as one of the brightest ornaments of the present age. If sweetness of temper, mildness of demeanour, and almost unparalleled benevolence, entitled a possessor to sublunary delights, then might this exemplary character have expected to drink the *cup* of *happiness unalloyed!* but, as the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the potent, neither is temporal felicity always the lot of those who, from a uniform observance of divine and human laws, seem, in a peculiar degree, to merit happiness in *this*, as well as a future world; and the subject of these memoirs, though exempted from pecuniary misfortunes, has keenly felt the weight of those which more poignantly wound the heart.

Lady Catherine Sidney Windsor, daughter to the Earl of Plymouth, was united to Sir James Tilney Long, Baronet, nephew and heir to the last Earl of Tilney, July the twenty-sixth, 1785; but the English peerage must have made some palpable mistake in the period of her ladyship's birth; as it is described to have happened in the year 1715; yet, from private information, it appears that Lady Catherine, at the time of her marriage, was a few months over age. Without possessing the regular line of beauty, Lady Catherine Long was universally admired; for, according to the poet's opinion, her countenance possessed something than beauty sweeter—"the *mind* expressing *face*."

Formed by nature for domestic enjoyments, and united to the object of her choice, few have experienced such a refined portion of felicity as her ladyship did for a few fleet-

ing years. Their tastes, their pursuits, and their inclinations, were completely similar; it seemed as if one soul actuated the movements of two separate frames; and it was difficult to say whether the mild influence of benevolence operated with greater force upon the husband or the wife.

Fortune, who is generally represented as *blindly* bestowing her favours, in lavishing them upon Sir James Tilney Long, removed the bandage from her eyes; for he was the patron of the distressed, the protector of helpless childhood, and a universal friend of mankind. Draycot House, in Wiltshire, (the favourite residence of Sir James and Lady Catherine) Tilney Hall, in Hertfordshire, and the superb Mansion on Epping Forest, are the family seats; and the humble inhabitants of those different neighbourhoods all gratefully bear testimony of their noble possessors' worth.

The portrait of Lady Catherine ought emblematically to represent the figure of Charity feeding the hungry and relieving the sick, for these are the amiable occupations to which she devotes no small portion of her time. Sir James was a generous promoter both of *public* and *private charities*; the latter, in particular, at once gratified his feelings and occupied his mind; for, in the three adjoining parishes to Draycot, he instituted both a *Sunday* and a *day-school*, the proper government of which were regularly superintended both by Lady C. and himself. Indnstry and application were not only encouraged by praises, but excited by reward proportioned to the merit of each little candidate, and bestowed with a gracious condescension, which enhanced their worth. Volumes might be filled in describing that benevolence which, like the sun, diffuses its vivifying power, and raises the drooping head of affliction, as that invigorating luminary revives a blighted flower!

During the inclement season of winter, the poor in the neighbourhood of Lady Catherine's different residences are supplied weekly with a certain portion of broth; and in addition to this amiable mark of benevolence, the aged and infirm are comfortably cloathed. It is not poverty and distress that are the sole objects of this charming woman's generosity—but those whom the arrows of misfortune have pierced, and reduced, from a state of affluence, to want the means of procuring the necessaries of life, to such as these,

Lady Catherine is not only a benefactress, but the kindest and the tenderest of friends; and the author of this assertion has known instances of her liberality that would have done honour to the fortune of a prince.

Noble, generous, amiable Lady Catherine! Stranger as I am to your person, how sincerely do I venerate your worth! how often has my heart expanded, with indescribable emotion, at listening to traits of the *goodness* of *your's*, from lips which are now closed in silence, but whose *afflictions* were rendered *light* by your liberal support!

This apostrophe to genuine worth will, I trust, be pardoned, as the spontaneous effusions of a susceptible mind, wrought up to a pitch of enthusiasm by the recollection of circumstances connected with Lady Catherine's life. If considered as a wife, and a woman endowed with the means, and actually alleviating misfortune, her ladyship appears in a truly amiable light.—As a mother, a friend, and mistress of a family, she shines no less transcendently.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

## *OLD WOMAN.*

### N° XCVIII.

VIRTUE's an ingot of Peruvian gold,
SENSE the bright ore Potosi's mines unfold;
But TEMPER's image must their use create,
And give these precious metals sterling weight.

HAYLEY.

IT is a common, but a mistaken notion, which too many of the female sex entertain, particularly after they become wives, that if they adhere to the precepts of virtue, if their conduct is not sullied by any gross deviations from the laws of propriety, they need not study to render themselves any farther amiable, and that a man ought to be satisfied with a partner who has the negative virtue of doing no wrong, though she may be negligent of his interest, indifferent about his happiness, and even perverse in her disposition.

But I would have such ladies to know, whether they are married or single, that to be virtuous is a duty they owe to God, while to their families or husbands they owe all those

agreeable qualities which alone can conciliate regard, and keep up the flame of affection. Simply to practise common-place virtue will never win or maintain an empire over the heart. There are thousands who cannot be accused of any flagrant immoralities, and who would even shrink from the commission of crimes, that no one could ever love, and who, in reality, are the torment of their connections in every station of life.

Even beauty and virtue united, are too weak to bind the affections, without good sense and good temper. These are the irresistible charms whose force all acknowledge, and which will endure when the finest features submit to the stroke of time, when every other quality that once engaged becomes insipid and of no account. Can I, therefore, better discharge the duty which I have so long volunteered, of giving advice to my sex, than by urging, in the strongest manner, an attention to those lovely, but unostentatious, acquirements, which will endear when all others fail, and render the object that possesses them worthy of being beloved at an age when attractions are more peculiarly necessary? We all know that the reign of beauty is of short duration, and that it is liable to many accidents, even while it might be presumed to last; but the fascinations of good sense, and of a good temper, gain strength from years, and are the more valued the longer they have been tried.

It may be asked, however, if sense and temper can be acquired, and if they are to be expected as the crop of every soil? I answer, that though nature has been more favorable to some than to others, in both these respects, yet where she has not denied common understanding, by the means of diligent cultivation and uniform care, every person may attain the art of being agreeable to a certain degree. A superior share of external attractions will, for a time at least, render moderate endowments of the mind sufficiently winning, if combined with good temper; but though it would be idle to deny beauty its just claims to homage, unless it is united with more permanent qualities, its empire will neither be secure nor estimable; and ordinary features enlivened by good humour and set off by mental charms, will, in the end, prevail over all the transient witcheries of corporeal form.

The subsequent letter strengthens my remarks, and paints the moral advice which I wish to convey. It speaks, from experience, the precepts I have been enforcing, and happy are they who gain wisdom at another's cost.

DEAR MADAM,

THE laudable desire which you have so long shewn to promote the happiness of your sex, encourages me to hope that you will give publicity to this letter, which, though it cannot now serve me, may be of some use to others. Had I been blessed with such a monitor as yourself, it is probable I might have escaped the dangers I have incurred, and the misery I have undergone. But reflection comes now too late to avail me.

I was the only child of a man of some little independence; and from my very infancy, was treated with a fondness and indulgence which, though well meant, have certainly contributed to my ruin. It is impossible to say whether my father or mother was most culpable in humouring all my whims, and allowing all my ill humours to gain strength. I was generally allowed to be pretty; and my fond parents thought me an angel. From my earliest recollection, I was complimented on my charms, and all their care seemed to be to preserve them from injury, and to give them the better chance of expanding. My education, however, was not wholly neglected; but what I acquired was rather from some gifts of nature than from my own industry. As to my temper and habits, no restraints of any kind were imposed on them; my very caprices seemed to endear me the more to my parents; and those eccentricities for which I ought to have been punished, were considered by them merely as proofs of spirit and superior genius. As I grew up, I became daily more head-strong; and on consulting my glass, which formed the greatest part of my employment, after I reached the age of fifteen, I began to think that those charms for which I had been so abundantly praised by my father and mother, were indeed of the first order, and I gave myself airs accordingly.

To render me still more incorrigible, I had not only been indulged in every wish, but I had been kept at home under

a nominal domestic governess, though in fact I governed her; and having never been used to bend to the will of others, or had an opportunity of contrasting my acquirements and behaviour with those of other females of my own age, I thought myself all-sufficient, and perfectly accomplished.

Independent of my personal charms, which now, when vanity has ceased to operate, were not despicable, I was born to some fortune; and it was not long after I reached maturity before I received as many compliments from the gentlemen as I had been accustomed to when in the nursery. For a time, however, I heard them without emotion, or swallowed them as the homage which could not be denied me; they scarcely increased my vanity—on my heart they made no impression. Indeed, I have since had reason to believe, that some of those who would have been disposed, from my appearance and situation, to offer me their love, were terrified at my capricious temper, and wisely forebore to risk their happiness on such an uncertain basis.

One gentleman, however, to whom my fortune was an object, and who was in himself sufficiently agreeable, by his patience in bearing my insults, and his perseverance in humouring and following me, began to win my affections; but though I did not refuse him my society, I took no pains to render myself acceptable to him; and indeed it was rather my study to turn him into ridicule, and to make him the victim of all my ingenuity in the art of tormenting. It was seen, however, by my parents, that this person was not quite indifferent to me; and as his situation and prospects were inferior to what they had intended for me, for the first time in their lives, they mildly remonstrated on the imprudence of my supposed choice, and recommended another, who had, with more honesty than policy, been courting their good opinion, as the surest medium to obtain mine.

Instead of thanking them, as I ought to have done, for this proof of their affectionate regard for my welfare, I immediately flew into a passion, and protested I would marry the person I liked best, whenever I was inclined to change my situation. Unaccustomed to controul, I could not brook advice; and the more anxious they seemed to prevent me

from following my inclinations, the more perverse and undutiful I became. They did not like to thwart me, and perhaps they hoped time and reflection would do more than authority. Alas! I was no longer to be influenced by reason or duty. I hesitated not to inform my most sedulous and favored suitor, that my parents did not approve of his attentions to me, and that they made me unhappy by the restraints they wished to impose on my inclinations. Seizing this opportunity, he now boldly avowed his love, and urged me to elope with him. I did so, rather out of opposition to my too indulgent parents than out of affection to my admirer. I was married, forgiven, as I expected, and thought myself privileged to play the tyrant for the remainder of my life.

But I soon found that the lover and the husband were not the same, and that they require different modes of treatment. I presumed solely on my beauty and fortune; I despised his advice, even in things indifferent; and as I was little qualified for rational conversation, I sat sullen when he wished to speak; when he was otherwise occupied, I dinned him with my tongue; and acted wholly from a spirit of contradiction in every part of my conduct towards him.

All this he bore for a time; but my beauty fading, and having no children who might have proved a band of mutual union between us, he became tired of my impertinence and ill humour, and told me, as I seemed determined to make him and myself unhappy, it would be better for us to part. This cut me to the heart; but my tongue belied its impulses: with a malicious smile, and a contemptuous sneer, I bade him put his designs in execution, and the sooner the better, as I did not marry him to be controlled. In short, I carried matters to such a length, that articles of separation were at length drawn up, and executed: I returned to my parents, who were still ready to receive me: my unfortunate husband embarked for the West Indies, where he had some property, and soon fell a martyr to the climate. I have since had abundant leisure to reflect on my follies and my faults; and if my warning voice could be heard, I would tell the young and heedless of my sex, that without duty to parents, and submissive attention to husbands, they can

never expect to be happy in any condition of life. Had I been early taught to follow those maxims, I might now have been happy myself, and the instrument of making others so.

STOLIDA STIFFNECK.

## THE MONTHLY ESSAYISTS.

### No IV.

——————"Let no one say
"Thus far, no farther, shall my passions stray,
"One wish indulg'd, invites another more,
"And now 'tis fate what was but choice before."

HILL.

VICIOUS habits are easy to be acquired, but hard to be dispossessed; when once vice has gained an inlet to the mind she will so gradually insinuate herself that her encroachments can scarcely be perceived, but when once her footing is firmly established, her progress becomes intensely rapid, till her resistless empire is obtained. In vain we look back, in vain we contemplate; she throws out fresh allurements, retrospection fades, and thought becomes bewildered. In vain we see our error, vain are our promises of reform. Reason is superseded by folly, and our good intentions frustrated by the intervention of that specious fiend, Procrastination. Vice maintains her seat with increased stability, and our doom is irrevocable.

Vice is that opposite being to virtue that depraves the mind, biasses the understanding, that insensibly leads us into error, arming us with ten thousand futile excuses to palliate the suggestions of reason—tramples down all social ties and restrictions—nips the bud of piety—encourages the gross violations of moral rectitude—bids defiance to honor—assumes an appearance contradictory to herself, and, finally, like an *ignis fatuus*, lights us to destruction.

Many are the distinctions of vice; but they are so united that they may be aptly compared to the links of a chain, each dependent upon the other.

Mankind are at best but imperfect beings; it is true, they possess a power of free agency, but their natural dispositions are such, and the outward aspect of vice so fascinating and so deceitful, that the one very frequently more than counterbalances the other; or if it was even not so, the senses being limited, and the mind not being at all times equally alive and alert, we are the more liable to err, vice having a greater opportunity to establish herself; beside, her snares are so dexterously laid, that the ill-fated victim can scarce possibly escape—she bids pleasures allure—luxury intoxicate—pageantry entrap—ambition bring the focus of greatness nearer than it really is—honor whisper in the ear—and all the enjoyments folly can devise, blend dexterously and variously together, to entice, bewilder, and destroy.

These are but a superficial view of her artifices; her prey here again she selects; youth she would attract, and consequently lays her baits according to their tastes and appetites—she well knows in them the passions are alive—she knows their expectations bid defiance to reason, and that fancy, soaring above her true atmosphere, forms her air-built schemes, devised and finished at the same instant—she throws out examples, and displays her votaries, like the skilful fowler, who, having spread his net, places a decoy-bird, encaged, hard by; the buoyant minstrels of the air, hearing the well-known notes of their fellow-warbler, descend, alight upon the net, and, alas! are entrapped. Such decoys add no few victims to the clan of vice, and form no small part of her too numerous snares.

Such is the human being; such is vice; such are her decoys! but, though the mind is not at all times in action, yet it has so many inherent notions of what is right, that vice is held in detestation; but nevertheless, this detestation gradually subsides, as the habit of vice increases.

Upon all hands a repetition of vice is esteemed dangerous, and the perpetrator accounted obnoxious to society; it therefore requires little to prove that one vice quickly produces another; for, however base and degenerate a man's character may be, it must have been at one time or other irreproachable. The first conscious error affects the feelings with greater poignancy than any that may succeed; but when we become, as it were, naturalized to it, the stigma

wears off, habit disarms reflection, and we compare ourselves not with those undefiled, but with those most defiled. The hopes of its being unknown to the rest of the world, and a complete reliance in secrecy, induce a repetition; and when completely initiated, we become callous to reproach.

A complete acquaintance with one ill habit so deadens the mind to all views of virtue, and carelessness for our good name, and gives such a scope to sensuality, that we journey on without remorse from one thing to another till we mingle with the most degenerate, and become estranged from all who have different views and notions than ourselves; but however vile a man may be, he must at one time or other reflect upon his situation, and cast a retrospective glance upon his former life: what pangs must he then feel! how must he detest his first error!

I had written thus far, and thinking enough had been said on vice, and on the fallibility of the first error, I thought it would not be esteemed amiss to give a short example of the miseries of unguarded passion; I therefore selected the following from an old common-place book, being the tale of

## *POOR ANNETTE.*

WHERE's Annette gone?—did you not see her pass—a sweet looking girl, with auburn tresses fantastically braided with flowers—her dress romantic and tattered, and eyes reddened with grief;—did you not hear her song? a verse so plaintively sung—oh, I have heard it over and over again—she mostly sits under yon ash-tree, plaiting straw.—Her grief is very affecting—she'll sigh, deeply sigh—then raise her head, and sharply gaze around, as if some one she feared was near her, give a shriek, start up, run a few yards—suddenly stop.

The children of the village frequently get around her; she'll look very tenderly, call them little cherubims:—here, here, don't be frightened, don't run away—here, here, here's money for you: here, here's flowers, come, come, come.—But, alas! what is there for me but grief—don't believe them, they're all false, they look like angels, but they are not so; then sob so pitifully, you would melt to hear her.

Annette was once as sprightly a shepherdess as ever trod these meadows: so neat in her person, so graceful in her manner, that all admired her; her face was the picture of contentment. Last May-day two years she was queen at the feast; Colin long had loved her—no, no, I mean adored her; but Colin was not her choice, he sued in vain, and, alas! so did many more.—There, on the right, in yonder house, shaded by fir-trees, the steward of the manor lives, a rough old man, who has but one son, resident in London: last Easter twelve months he visited his father; I saw him first cast eyes on poor Annette; she was then folding her lambs; his cheeks were suddenly flushed, and his eyes seemed fixed on her—"What pretty lambs those are!" were his first words; "whose are they?" Annette curtsied, "they belong to the Manor house, Sir," "To the Manor-house? indeed, though they are so sweet and innocent, they are not so lovely as you." Annette's eyes were cast down. —"And do you live with them?" She again curtsied. "No, Sir, at the cottage over-right the steward's."—"And your name?" "Annette, Sir;" he drew near her and said something in a low voice, I did not hear it; she replied, "No, Sir, I must not have such fine purse and money and all, mother would wonder how I came by it." He smiled at her simplicity, and ravished a kiss; Annette blushed redder than crimson: he left her for the present. A few days afterwards I was walking aside the hedge where she usually attended her sheep: suddenly I heard a persuasive voice, in indistinct sentences, talk of coaches, servants, money, plays—"but you wont always love me, mother says, I must not believe such like things." I heard no more.

Silly Annette! foolish girl! why did you believe him? I pity you, I do indeed pity you from my very heart; and Colin too, no sooner had he heard your name coupled with dishonour, but he left the village; and, some say, has drowned himself. Her mother is since buried—buried aside her father, who has been long dead.—Oh! had you seen her after the stage had departed, run along the road, till overpowered with the exertion she felt—had you seen her when life returned, rave, tear her hair, and vow vengeance on herself, you would have pitied her; sometimes it is mournful to

see her—she'll go to the church-yard, and strew her mother's grave with flowers;—but, here she comes; did not you hear that deep sigh? What must that poor heart feel!

SIGMA.

*St. George's East.*

## *JACK ROVER TO THE LADIES.*

AS I promised to render the ladies every assistance in my power, I shall endeavour to convince them of the truth of my assurances: and at this time more especially, when our young men are absent in the service of their country: for I may fairly congratulate myself with being enabled to provide them with husbands suited to every taste, inclination, country, county or district; indeed after this notice I doubt if in three months there will be a single lady in the united kingdom: the following is a list:

A man of rank.
A man of taste.
A man of wit.
A man of fashion.
A man of information.
A man of carriage.
A man of spirit.
A man of gallantry.
And a man that would live if he could.

I must here notice a letter I have received from Tom Tagverse: he writes in these words,—"Rummaging among a parcel of old books, I stumbled over the Muses' Mercury, a book that has been published about a century ago: I have selected from it these lines, written by Mr. T. Green, of Cambridge, and which I think will prove acceptable to the ladies.

### *THE MOON AND HER TAYLOR.*

The moon wants a gown, and her taylor must make it;
But he, honest man, won'd not dare undertake it.
"Your body," says he, "Madam, looks well to-day,
But in a weeks time 'twill be half worn away;

Sometimes your proportion is jolly and round,
Then as thin as a candle of twelve in the pound,
You're crooked and straight, thick and thin at your pleasure,
And now, Madam, how can a taylor take measure?"

Ω
*Mile End.* JACK ROVER.

## *ANECDOTE.*

A GREAT inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow from the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Verona, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, or porter, I forget which, and who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the banks, stretching forth their hands, screaming, and imploring succour, while fragments of this remaining arch were continually dropping into the water. In this extreme danger, a nobleman, who was present, held out a purse of a hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take boat, and deliver this unhappy family. But the risk was so great, of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, of being dashed against the fragments of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that not one, in the vast number of spectators, had courage enough to attempt such an exploit. A peasant passing along, was informed of the proposed reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he, by strength of oars, gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile, and the whole family safely descended by a rope. "Courage," cried he, "now you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to shore. "Brave fellow!" exclaimed the nobleman, handing the purse to him, "here is the promised recompense." "I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant, "my labour is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and children; give the purse to this poor family, who has lost all."

ACCOUNT OF THE

## *NATIVES OF BOTANY BAY.*

(Concluded from page 160.)

WE are well informed by those whom we have had among us, that they sometimes have quarrels, and that they endeavour, from concealments, to destroy those they are at war with. They are by no means a brave and determined people, except when passion overcomes them, and when they act, as all savages do, like madmen. In all their quarrels with one another, they put themselves under the direction of a chief: how those chiefs are chosen, we have not learnt, but have reason to believe it is from an opinion of their dexterity in war. All the human race, which we have seen here, appear to live chiefly on what the sea affords, and consequently we find the sea-coast more fully inhabited than the interior, or that part of the country which we have had an opportunity of visiting, more remote from the sea. The men fish with a spear, or fish-gig, in the use of which, it is apparent, they are very dextrous. The fish-gig is in length something more than the war lance, but they can, according to the depth of water, increase its length by a variety of joints; some have one, some two, three, or four prongs, pointed or barbed with a fish, or other animal's bone. We have sometimes, in fine weather, seen a man lying across a canoe, with his face in the water, and his fish-gig immersed, ready for darting; in this manner he lies motionless, and by his face being a little under the surface, he can see the fish distinctly; but were his eyes above, the tremulous motion of the surface, occasioned by every light air of wind, would prevent his sight: in this manner they strike at the fish with so much certainty, that they seldom miss their aim. The women are chiefly employed in the canoes, with lines and hooks; the lines appear to be manufactured from the bark of various trees which we found here, of a tough, stringy nature, and which, after being beaten between two stones for some time, becomes very much like, and of the same colour as, a quantity of oakum, made from

old rope; this they spin and twist into two strands: in fact, I never saw a line with more than two. Their hooks are commonly made from the inside, or mother of pearl, of different shells; the talons of birds, such as those of hawks, they sometimes make this use of; but the former are considered as best. In this necessary employment of fishing, we frequently saw a woman with two or three children in a miserable boat, the highest part of which was not six inches above the surface of the water, washing almost in the edge of a surf, which would frighten an old seaman to come near, in a good and manageable vessel. The youngest child, if very small, lies across the mother's lap, from whence, although she is fully employed in fishing, it cannot fall: for the boat being very shallow, she sits in the bottom, with her knees up to her breast, and between her knees and body, the child lies perfectly secure. The men also dive for shell-fish, which they take off from the rocks under water; we frequently saw them leap from a rock into the surf or broken water, and remain a surprising time under; when they rise to the surface, whatever they have gathered, they throw on shore, where a person attends to receive it, and has a fire ready kindled for cooking. They have no other method of dressing their food, than that of broiling. Boiling water they have no conception of, as appeared very lately, for when one of our boats was hawling the seine, one of the sailors had put a pot on the fire ready to dress some fish, and when the water was boiling, some fish were put in; but several natives who were near, and who wished to have more fish than had been given them, seeing the fish put into the pot, and no person watching them, a native put his hand into the boiling water to take the fish out, and was, of course, scalded, and exceedingly astonished. With respect to religion, we have not been able yet to discover that they have any thing like an object of adoration; neither the sun, moon, or stars seem to take up, or occupy more of their attention, than they do that of any other of the animals which inhabit this immense country. Their dead they certainly burn, of which I have been well convinced lately, when employed on the survey of a distant branch of Port Jackson. Some of my boat's crew having, when on shore, discovered, a little from the water-side, upon a rising ground, what they judged to be a fresh

grave, I went up, and ordered it to be opened: when the earth was removed, we found a quantity of white ashes, which appeared to have been but a very short time deposited there: among the ashes we found part of a human jaw-bone, and a small piece of the skull, which, although it had been in the fire, was not so much injured as to prevent our distinguishing perfectly what it was. We put the ashes together again, and covered it up as before: the grave was not six inches under the surface of the ground, but the earth was raised the height of our graves in Europe. In the months of March and April, we found the natives to decrease in their numbers considerably; but we have no reason to suppose that they retire back into the interior parts of the country; for in all the excursions which have been made inland, very few have been seen. The sea-coast, we have every reason at present to believe, is the only part of this country which is inhabited by the human race; the land seems to afford them but a very scanty subsistence. We have seen them roast and chew the fern-root. There is a small fruit here, about the size of a cherry; it is yellow when half grown, and almost black when ripe; it grows on a tree which is not tall, but very full and bushy at the top; of this fruit we have often seen them eat; it has a good deal the taste of a fig, and the pulp or inside very much resembles that fruit in appearance: but the sea is their principal resource, and shell and other fish are their chief support. They frequently attended our boats when hawling the seine, and were very thankful to the officer for any fish he might give them, as in cold weather the harbour is but thinly stocked; indeed, when we arrived here it was full of fish, and we caught as many as we could use, but in the winter they seem to quit our neighbourhood. I had reason to think that the people who inhabited Port Jackson when we first entered it, were gone farther to the northward, and that it is their constant custom, as the cold weather approaches, to seek a warmer climate, by following the sun; and in this practice they have another very powerful inticement, as well as the comfortable warmth of the sun, which is, that the fish incline to the northward, as the cold weather comes on: this conjecture seems, in some degree, to account for Captain Cook's having seen so few natives while he lay in Botany Bay, and that it appeared to him the sea-coast

was thinly inhabited; for I think it was in April or May, that he was there. The animal described in the voyage of the Endeavour, called the kangaroo, (but by the natives patagarang,) we found in great numbers; one was lately shot, which weighed 140 pounds; its tail was 40 inches long, and 17 in circumference at the root; it is very well described in Philips's Voyage: we ate the flesh with great relish, and I think it good mutton, although not so delicate as that which we sometimes find in Leadenhall-market. The strength this animal has in its hind quarters is very great: in its endeavors to escape from us, when surprised, it springs from its hind legs, which are very long, and leaps at each bound about six or eight yards, but does not appear ever in running to let its fore-feet come near the ground; indeed they are so very short, that it is not possible that the animal can use them in running; they have vast strength also in their tail; it is, no doubt, a principal part of their defence when attacked; for with it they can strike with prodigious force, I believe with sufficient power to break the leg of a man; nor is it improbable but that this great strength in the tail may assist them in making those astonishing springs. We for some time considered their tail as their chief defence; but having of late hunted them with greyhounds very successfully, we have had an opportunity of knowing that they use their claws and teeth. The dog is much swifter than the kangaroo; the chase, if in an open wood, (which is the place most frequented by that animal) is seldom more than eight or ten minutes; and if there are more dogs than one, seldom so long. As soon as the hound seises him, he turns, and catching hold with the nails of his fore-paws, he springs upon, and strikes at the dog with the claws of his hind feet, which are wonderfully strong, and tears him to such a degree, that it has frequently happened that we have been under the necessity of carrying the dog home, from the severity of his wounds: few of these animals have ever effected their escape after being seized by the dog, for they have generally caught them by the throat, and there held them until they were assisted; although many of them have very near lost their lives in the struggle. Some of the male kangaroos are of a very large size; I have seen some, that when sitting on their haunches, were five feet eight inches high; such an animal is too strong

for a single dog, and although he might be much wounded, would, without the dog had assistance at hand, certainly kill him. We know that the native dogs of this country hunt and kill the kangaroo; they may be more fierce, but they do not appear to be so strong as our large greyhound: there was one not long ago seen in pursuit of a kangaroo, by a person who was employed in shooting, who mistaking the two animals as they passed him to be of the kind he was looking for, he fired at the hindmost, and brought him down, but when he came up, it proved to be a native dog. Of those dogs we have had many which were taken when young, but never could cure them of their native ferocity: although well fed, they would at all times, but particularly in the dark, fly at young pigs, chickens, or any small animal which they might be able to conquer, and immediately kill, and generally eat them. I had one which was a little puppy when caught, but notwithstanding I took much pains to correct and cure it of its savageness, I found it took every opportunity which it met with to snap off the head of a fowl, or worry a pig, and would do it in defiance of correction. They are a very good natured animal when domesticated, but I believe it to be impossible to cure that savageness, which all I have seen seem to possess. The opossum is also very numerous here, but it is not exactly like the American opossum; it partakes a good deal of the kangaroo in the strength of its tail and make of its fore legs, which are very short in proportion to its hind ones; like that animal, it has the pouch, or false belly, for the safety of its young in time of danger, and its colour is nearly the same, but the fur is thicker and finer. There are several other animals of a smaller size, down as low as the field-rat, which in some part or other partakes of the kangaroo and opossum: we have caught many rats with this pouch for carrying their young when pursued, and the legs, claws, and tail of this rat are exactly like the kangaroo. It would appear, from the great similarity in some part or other of the different quadrupeds which we find here, that there is a promiscuous intercourse between the different sexes of all those different animals. The same observation might be made also on the fishes of the sea, on the fowls of the air, and, I may add, the trees of the forest. It was wonderful to see what a variety of fish were caught, which,

in some part or other, partake of the shark: it is no uncommon thing to see a skait's head and shoulders to the hind part of a shark, or a shark's head to the body of a large mullet, and sometimes to the flat body of a sting-ray. With respect to the feathered tribe, the parrot prevails; we have shot birds with the head, neck, and bill of a parrot, and with the same variety of the most beautiful plumage on those parts for which that bird here is distinguished; and a tail and body of a different make and colour, with long, straight, and delicate made feet and legs; which is the very reverse of any bird of the parrot kind. I have also seen a bird with the legs and feet of a parrot, and the head and neck made and coloured like the common seagull, and the wings and tail of a hawk. I have likewise seen trees bearing three different kinds of leaves, and frequently have found others bearing the leaf of a gum-tree, with the gum exuding from it, and covered with bark of a very different kind.

There are a great variety of birds in this country; all those of the parrot tribe, such as the macaw, cockatoo, lorey, green parrot, and parroquets of different kinds and sizes, are cloathed with the most beautiful plumage that can be conceived; it would acquire the pencil of an able limner to give a stranger an idea of them; for it is impossible by words to describe them. The common crow is found here in considerable numbers, but the sound of their voice and manner of croaking is very different from those in Europe. There are also vast numbers of hawks, of various sizes and colours. Here are likewise pigeons and quails, with a great variety of smaller birds, but I have not found one with a pleasing note. There have been several large birds seen since we arrived in this port; they were supposed, by those who first saw them, to be the ostrich, as they could not fly when pursued, but ran exceedingly fast; so much so, that a very strong and fleet greyhound could not come near them: one was shot, which gave us an opportunity of a more close examination. Some were of opinion that it was the emew, which I think is particularly described by Dr. Goldsmith, from Linnæus; others imagined it to be the cassowary, but it far exceeds that bird in size; it was, when standing, seven feet two inches from its feet

to the upper part of its head; the only difference which I could perceive between this bird and the ostrich was in its bill, which appeared to me to be narrower at the point, and it has three toes, which I am told is not the case with the ostrich: it has one characteristic, by which it may be known, and which we thought very extraordinary; this is, that two distinct feathers grow out from every quill. The flesh of this bird, although coarse, was thought by us delicious meat; it had much the appearance, when raw, of neck-beef; a party of five, myself included, dined on a side bone of it most sumptuously. The pot or spit received every thing which we could catch or kill, and the common crow was relished here as well as the barn-door fowl in England.

Of insects there are as great a variety here as of birds; the scorpion, centipede, spider, ant, and many others: the ants are of various sizes; from the smallest known in Europe, to the size of near an inch long; some are black, some white, and others, of the largest sort, reddish; those of this kind are really a formidable little animal; if you tread near the nest, (which is generally under ground, with various little passages or outlets) and have disturbed them, they will sally forth in vast numbers, attack their disturbers with astonishing courage, and even pursue them to a considerable distance; and their bite is attended for a time with a most acute pain. Some build their nests against a tree, to the size of a large bee-hive; another kind raises little mounts on the ground, of clay, to the height of four feet. In speaking of the spider, it would be improper to be silent upon the industry of this little creature; I call them little, although, if compared with our common spider, they are very large; they spread their web in the woods, between trees, generally to a distance of twelve or fourteen yards, and weave them so very strong that it requires considerable force to break them. I have seen the silk of which the web is composed, wound off into a ball, and think it equal to any I ever saw in the same state from the silk-worm; it is of the same colour, a pale yellow, or straw colour. None of the gentlemen employed here have as yet made any particular observations upon the manner in which this animal is produced, or how they prepare their silk. I have found

upon bushes, on which the web has been hanging in clusters, a thin shell, something like that wherein the silk-worm prepares its silk, but of this shape, and, upon opening them, I have seen a quantity of this silk within, in which a spider was found wrapped up.

Of reptiles, there are snakes from the smallest size known in England, to the length of eleven feet, and about as thick as a man's wrist; and many lizards of different kinds and sizes.

The natives we have seen accompanied by dogs, which appear to be domesticated the same as ours in Europe; they are of the wolf kind, and of a reddish colour. When speaking of birds, I should have mentioned that some of our gentlemen have seen in the lagoons and swamps, which they have fallen in with in their shooting excursions, the black swan, which is said to have been found in some parts of the west coast of this country; the extremity of their wings are described to be white, and all the rest of the plumage black. I have seen one which has been shot: it answered the above description as to colour, but the bill was a pale pink or crimson; it was about the size of a common white swan, and was good meat.

The vast variety of beautiful plants and flowers which are to be found in this country, may hereafter afford much entertainment to the curious in the science of botany; but I am wholly unqualified to describe the different sorts with which we find the woods to abound; we sometimes met with a little wild spinach, parsley, and sorrel, but in too small quantities to expect it to be of any advantage to the seamen. The flax plant has been found here in several places, but not in any considerable quantity; I have heard it reckoned a good kind, but in that also I must confess my ignorance.

In the infancy of a distant settlement, the want of timber to carry on the necessary buildings, will be allowed to be a very great inconvenience; but we were here in the middle of a wood, in which were trees from the size of a man's arm to twenty-eight feet in circumference; but they were either so very crooked, so rent, or so rotten in the heart, that we could scarcely get one sound or serviceable in a dozen; and what in our situation was a very great

misfortune, we had not as yet found one piece of timber that would float in water. The wood is so exceedingly heavy, that when a large tree was cut down, in order to clear a piece of ground, it would sometimes take a party of men three or four days to dispose of it, or move it from the place.

## *LE MELANGE.*

### No IV.

IT is not unusual to hear a man boasting of his good fortune in having met with few crosses or disappointments in life; but surely those men are more enviable, who, by the aid of calm reflection and resignation to the will of Providence, have acquired a degree of patience and fortitude, sufficient to enable them to bear up against them. I do not mean that a man should quietly and tamely bend to every misfortune, without an effort to overcome it; on the contrary, while there remains even the most distant prospect of success, I would not have him despair; but let his exertions keep pace with his wishes; yet when the loss is fully ascertained to be irrecoverable, let him not increase it by the waste of that portion of time in unavailing lamentation that he might employ to more profit in other pursuits. The following anecdote of Sir Isaac Newton presents a noble trait of his great character: the mildness of his temper through the course of his life, commanded admiration from all who knew him, but in no one instance more than the following. Sir Isaac had a favorite little dog, which he called Diamond; and being one day called out of his study into an adjoining room, Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he had the mortification to find that Diamond having thrown down a lighted candle among some papers, the nearly-finished labour of many years was in flames, and almost consumed. This loss, as Sir Isaac was very far advanced in years, was irretrievable; yet, without once striking the dog, he only rebuked him with this exclamation: Oh! Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done.

The following lines, truly analogous to the same subject, are taken from a poem called "Matilda," or "the Welch Cottage;" a tale not so generally known as its merits entitle it to be.

How apt are men who feel some inward grief
Prey with unceasing anguish on the mind,
To start from Reason's sacred consolation;
Turn from a soothing friend, or wildly laugh
At gentle admonition——and exclaim,
Their lot of all mankind is most accurs'd,
And pale misfortune o'er their destin'd head
Has fix'd, immoveable, her gloomy throne!
* * * * * * * * * * *
When man would rail at Heaven's supreme decrees,
Or thinks he suffers more than mortal strength
Can firmly bear, let him but look around;
Let his inquiring eye survey the lot
Of thousands fix'd or scatter'd in his path,
And by comparison secure content.
Sorrow's the lot of man: the sad bequest
Of our first parents to their future seed:
The fatal legacy extends to all,
Tho' all not equal sharers: happy those
Who then can soothe another's wretchedness,
And with a manly spirit bear their own!
This thought represses each complaining sigh.
Were all mankind to raise the plaintive strain
Of general woe proportioned to their griefs,
My voice would never make its feeble way
Amid the mournful chorus.

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*Oracle, Aug.* 17. A country paper mentions that lately a Miss *Legg* gave her *hand* to a Mr. *Grasp.*

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A gentleman having married a lady of the name of Lamb, who had very little beauty, but a very great fortune, was told by an acquaintance that he would not have taken the *lamb* had it not been for the *mint sauce.*

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An apothecary having refused to resign his seat at the theatre to an officer's lady, the officer feeling himself much insulted, sent him a challenge. The apothecary was punc-

tual at the meeting, but observed that not having been accustomed to fire, he had to propose a new way of settling the dispute. He then drew from his pocket a pill-box, and taking from thence two pills, thus addressed his antagonist: "As a man of honour, Sir, you certainly would not wish to fight me on unequal terms:—here are therefore two pills; one composed of the most deadly poison, the other perfectly harmless;—we are therefore on equal ground, if we each swallow one; you shall take your choice, and I promise faithfully to take that which you leave.."

It is needless to add that the affair was settled by a hearty laugh.

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## ENIGMA.

Betimes in the morning blythe Mary arose,
And trip'd o'er the meadow with heart light as air;
No fruitless ambition to fancy gave woes,
Her innocent bosom a stranger to care.

To her favorite Colin her journey was bent,
(Nor young was her Colin, nor splendid his wealth;)
The smile in her eye was the smile of content,
And the bloom on her cheek the sweet blossom of health.

From her hand hung a treasure; ah! tempting to view,
To all who like Mary were early abroad!
But Mary was kind and benevolent too,
And to all would a portion most gladly afford.

"Ah! give me," said Susan, "oh! give me again;"
And "give me;" said Betsy; and "give me," said Doll;
And "give me," cried Nancy; and "give me," cried Jane;
And "welcome," said Mary; "and welcome to all."

Now tell me, ye fair, what had Mary to give?
For onward she went; *nor had less than before;*
—In friendship and peace with her neighbours to live,
Was Mary's ambition, she wish'd for no more.

*Answer.* A light.

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An agreeable woman to whom Santeuil owed some money, meeting him one day in company, asked him the reason she had not seen him so long. "Is it," said she, "because you are in my debt?" "No, Madam," replied the

poet, "that is not the cause that prevents my visiting you; but you are the cause why you are not paid." "How so?" said the lady. "Because, Madam," returned the gallant poet, "when I see you, I forget every thing."

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## ORIGIN OF THE WORD LADY.

In ancient times, it was the fashion for the rich to reside the greatest part of the year at their mansions in the country; and once a week, or oftener, the mistress distributed to her poor neighbours, with her own hands, a certain quantity of *bread*, and she was called by them the *loff-day*; which is in Saxon, the *bread-giver*. These two words were, in course of time, corrupted; and the meaning is now as little known as the practice which gave rise to it.

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Q. What is that which, when brought to table, is *always cut*, but never eaten?

*A.* A pack of cards.

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## A GOOD WOMAN's HEART.

Her price is far above rubies;
In her eye is the lustre of heaven:
The law of kindness dwelleth on her tongue;
Her whole exterior is stamped with the virtues of her life
Her manners delineate her heart,
And her heart embraces every ingredient of true worth;
Virtue and Truth;
Simplicity and Piety;
Charity and Benevolence;
Love and Modesty;
Dignity, Elegance, and Delicacy;
Prudence and Economy;
Affability and Politeness;
Humanity and Justice;
Constancy, Chastity, and Honor;
Humility and Goodnature;
Sincerity and Friendship;
Compassion and Meekness,
Gentleness and Fidelity;

Industry and Contentment;
Tenderness and Gratitude;
Purity and Patience;
Magnanimity and Mercy.
Happy woman! bless'd with these,
Her's, future hope and present ease;
Happier he whose wife she is,
The richest thing on earth is his.

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A lady having sent a very costly silk gown to be dyed, the dyer very politely carried it home himself, that he might be certain of its being conveyed with care. It so happened that the lady's husband opened the door to him, and being a very proud man, vexed at having condescended to open the door to a *low tradesman*, asked very angrily what he had in his hand, and whom it was for? "Sir," replied the man, "it is a parcel for the lady of the house." "What for my wife!" answered the gentleman, "what can you have for my wife?" "Sir," rejoined the man, trembling, "*I dye for your wife.*" "My wife!" "Yes, Sir, I dye for your wife and her two sisters." "You impudent dog," exclaimed the gentleman, in a violent passion, "do you dare to tell me so to my face. Come, some of you, (calling his servants) and kick this presumptuous and ignorant blockhead out of the house." They were proceeding to put his commands in execution, when the lady luckily came down stairs, (hearing a noise) and not only rescued her gown from the damage it might have sustained in the scuffle, but also the poor man, who for many years had actually *dyed for her whole family.*

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## VILLAGE TATTLE.

(Continued from page 169.)

THE susceptible girl wept bitterly; as he proceeded, her tears fell for his misfortunes, more than her own disappointments: at length, resuming some degree of composure, she said—Mr. Welling, I lament sincerely this unhappy change in your affairs, and feel a weight of anxiety removed

from my mind, to find that you still think me worthy your regard; had your inclinations been wavering, I could have supported the loss with fortitude; but after hearing such sentiments as you have professed, I will never consent to a separation, while our acquaintance can be continued with honour to ourselves, and under the sanction of a parent's eye;—further than this, let me convince you of my esteem—I covet not wealth or splendor; I have been educated in early habits of industry and economy, and could cheerfully bear a reverse of fortune; fear not for me: if out of the wreck of your property enough can be recovered to afford a decent subsistence, let me, by participation, lighten your cares, and by unremitting attention to your interest, convince you that I prefer domestic happiness to external splendour. "Incomparable girl," exclaimed Welling; "it must not be;—I cannot, will not reduce you to indigence, who have been nurtured in the lap of comfort and prosperity: for the present, I value your friendship too highly to bear the idea of withdrawing my claims. I will still continue to myself the indulgence which has hitherto constituted my chief happiness, nor talk of a separation till it becomes inevitable."—Satisfied with this arrangement, they parted. Upon investigation, the affairs of Welling were settled to the satisfaction of the creditors; every thing was found fair and honourable, and though his property was forfeited, his character remained unblemished. Welling, eager to embrace any means of repairing his shattered fortune, accepted an appointment in the West Indies, which was proffered him by a merchant who had taken a lively interest in his concerns. One only care distracted his mind—it was the cruel necessity of quitting his Louisa, perhaps to meet no more; he imparted to her the views which instigated him to accept his friend's offer; views which might still be intercepted by many clouds of adversity. Louisa shuddered with terror: the voyage, the climate, the protracted period of his absence, filled her with alarm, and with all the timidity of affection, she besought him not to leave her. To calm her agitation, he affected an indifference foreign to his heart; he pointed out to her the advantageous establishment she was neglecting on his account; the anxious wish of her father to see her settled, and the uncertainty of his ever being in

a condition to provide for her in a manner suitable to her own respectability, or their mutual comfort. "These considerations, my dear Louisa," said he, "must have their weight with you, nor must we give way to the romantic weakness of sacrificing our duty, our integrity, to selfish gratification; let us part as friends who respect each other, but let us endeavor to forget that we ever regarded each other in any more tender degree: years of absence may effect a material alteration in your prospects and in your wishes. Should I, at my return, however distant that wished-for period, find you still unmarried, still cherishing the same sentiments towards me, doubt not my love, my gratitude." Louisa was silent; her reason was convinced by his arguments, but her heart rebelled against its dictates: the trial was too powerful for her feelings, and she fainted in his arms. Not to be too minute in these particulars, uninteresting perhaps to an auditor unacquainted with the parties, I will hurry over the pangs of separation, and the tedious absence of Welling who, faithful to his promise given to Herbert, wrote not once to Louisa during the period of three years: during that time, she passed many an anxious hour; she knew not the point of honour which withheld him from obeying the impulse of his heart:—she thought him faithless and unkind, and received him at his return with affected coolness, which wounded his sensibility, while he penetrated the motives which dictated it. Mr. Herbert was rather more vexed than pleased by a renewal of the acquaintance; and interrogated him rather sharply as to his present circumstances and future intentions. "I have been successful, Sir," said Welling, "even beyond my most sanguine hopes." "Then I hope we shall shortly come to a right understanding, Sir," said the still dubious Herbert. "Not so soon as you or I could wish," replied Welling; "there are still obstacles intervening, which preclude the possibility of my entering into any matrimonial engagements, obstacles which must be removed." "And do you think," replied Herbert, indignantly, "that I will suffer you to trifle any longer with my daughter; she has already refused several most eligible offers." "Do you blame me for that, Sir," replied Welling; "have not I, in obedience to your commands, agonized my own heart, and wounded the feelings of your daughter by my constrain-

ed silence; have not I been faithful to my promise?"—"So far you have, Mr. Welling; but how do you vindicate your present conduct? You acknowledge that you have been successful, that you have even been fortunate enough to acquire a moderate sufficiency, yet still you decline to renew your engagement with my daughter." "It is for her own sake that I decline it, Sir, as I cannot marry, I would not hold her mine by any other tie than free unbiassed inclination; with respect to my conduct, I trust to time and circumstances to justify it." "You affect mysteriousness, Sir," said Herbert sarcastically, "but I have lived too long in the world to be duped by sophistry: either marry my daughter, Mr. Welling, or renounce her for ever." "Painful as the alternative is to me," exclaimed Welling, "I must adopt the latter; I have laboured hard to overcome the difficulties which enthralled me, to satisfy your scruples; I have sacrificed my own wishes; I endured all the pangs of absence without alleviation; I returned with a thousand hopes and fears crowding on my mind; I found the object of my tenderest desires faithful, though neglected; and because I will not yield the cherished probity of my heart, my integrity, my fame, to the impatience of a father, I am to have all my fondest expectations destroyed."—Herbert could not, unmoved, behold the agitation of Welling; the natural goodness of his heart prompted him to relax a little of his severity; but again a father's solicitude and ambition for a darling child, led him to determine on breaking off, at once, a connection which he feared would never terminate to his satisfaction. It was on this account that he commanded his daughter, in peremptory terms, to think no more of a man who played on her credulity, and trifled with her feelings: and again in terms of gentlest expostulation, intreated her to act with becoming spirit, and for his sake overcome the weakness which prevented her seeing through the artful subterfuges of Welling.

At this part of her narrative, Mrs. Grumble looked at her watch; "I declare," said she, "I have trespassed on your time and patience most unconscionably; it is nearly two o'clock; my lord and master will be home before me." I expressed my disappointment that she had neither leisure nor inclination to finish her friend's history; especially as she had brought it so near a conclusion. "You are mistaken,

my dear Mrs. Somerton, said she; there yet remain many circumstances to relate; my young friend had more painful trials to endure; but if you feel any interest in the tale, you shall not remain ungratified; Mrs. Welling at my request will, I doubt not, indulge you; they are to dine with us to-morrow; join our party, which will be quite *en famille*, and over a snug cup of tea, you shall hear further particulars, of which I have but an imperfect knowledge. Mrs. Welling is frank and unreserved; I think you will be much pleased with her: our acquaintance commenced at school; since that we have met but seldom; I have, however, a sincere regard for her, and hope to enjoy much of her company now that she is come to reside among us. Mrs. Grumble then hastily took leave, and I repaired to my closet to write down this little memoir, for the amusement of those kind friends in town, who now and then waste an hour on my humble attempts.

*Somerton Lodge.*

[*To be continued.*]

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ON THE

## *GENERAL INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.*

Is there a heart which music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn.

*Beattie's Minstrel.*

"THAT music appears more congenial to, and is, as it were, more intimately interwoven with the constitution of our frame, than any other art or science," is the observation of a celebrated musical author of the present day*; and must appear to every one who considers it, and is at all acquainted with the wonderful power of harmony, just and well founded.

Music, in all ages and in all nations, has been ever honoured and cultivated according to the degree of refinement to which that age and nation had arrived; and those who were gifted with the knowledge of it, were looked upon with the highest veneration. The Troubadours of Provence and Normandy—the Sennachies of the Scottish highlands—the Bards of Wales—and the Tale-tellers of Ireland, were the historians of their ages. To them negociations were intrusted,

* Dr. Busby's introduction to his Musical Dictionary.

and placed at the tables of their princes and chieftains, they recited, in the festive circles of the evening, the heroic achievements of the day. By music the troops of ancient times were excited to conquest, and their leaders animated in the hour of danger, by the remembrance of the immortal glory they would gain from the songs of the bards.

No climate, or state of society, however unfavourable to the productions of genius in general, can blast the influence of music. The frozen confines of the north, and the burning plains of the south, own alike the dominion of this enchanting science.

The peasants of Bohemia, although reduced to the most abject state of slavery—the unhappy wretches toiling in the mines, and the captive negroes of the West India islands, find, in this heaven-born power, a solace from their cares.

In the Alpine regions, particularly in the environs of the beautiful vally of St. Gothard, on the borders of the Danube, the Rhine, or the Obi, as well as on the banks of the Arno, the Loire, and the Douro, is the influence of music felt. But without roving further from our native isle, I will content myself with bringing forward, as examples, the peasants of our sister kingdoms.

In Ireland, particularly in the northern province of Ulster, wandering in a fine evening midst the wild and striking scenery which that beautiful country affords, you will hear echoed from mountain to mountain, and along the border of the lakes, the sound of the harps of the cottagers sitting at the door of their cabins, playing on that instrument the wildly melodious airs of their country.

The instrument in most general use in the Scottish highlands, is the bagpipe; on which, for time immemorial, the plaintive airs of Scotland have been performed: the bagpipe has most wonderful power in urging the highlanders to combat, or in rallying them after a defeat. In a battle lost by the English during the American war, the general complained to a field officer commanding one of the highland regiments, of the bad behaviour of his men. "Sir," replied the officer, "you did very wrong this morning in ordering the bagpipes not to play; there is nothing encourages the highlanders so much in the day of battle: it is not even now too late to recover them." "Let them blow like the devil then," exclaimed the general, "if they will bring back the

men." The pipes were accordingly ordered to play a Scotch martial air, and the troops returned to the charge with renewed vigour.

In Wales, as in Ireland, the harp is the predominant instrument; and their compositions are likewise characterized by a native and melodious wildness: it is well known that when Edward the first invaded Wales, he caused all the bards to be put to death, least they should inspirit their countrymen to rise against him, such was their influence over them.

I will not venture to affirm that none who are possest of a musical genius are *bad*, but this I will, that none who dislike music are *good:* it is a proof of a narrow contracted mind, insensible to the power of harmony, incapable of tasting the beauties of nature or of art. Music is a resource which of all others in grief is the most soothing, and affords at all times an improving and a sublime enjoyment; it harmonizes the mind of man, and prepares it for every great and generous impression; and to conclude in the words of the poet, which I have chosen for my motto:

"Is there a heart which music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn."

HARMONICUS.

## *DEBATES FOR THE LADIES.*

### NO. 1.

QUERY.—What qualification in a female is most desirable with the view to being happy in the married state?"

OUR society having assembled at the time appointed, and the ladies accommodated to their satisfaction, Mr. Meanwell took the chair, and thus addressed the assembly:

Ladies and gentlemen; The question before us, while it affords ample scope for the display of your oratorical abilities, must nevertheless be considered in a serious point of view, as it may influence us more or less in that important choice which we shall make for life: I trust, therefore, that you will not decide hastily on any proposition, or suffer the graces of elocution to biass your judgment. Let no member be discouraged because he may not possess the talents of a former speaker, as good sense may be delivered in plain

language, and the most flowery oration contain little of sterling merit. The decision of this question will doubtless have weight with the ladies; and in respect to them, I must presume to remind you of the rules and regulations to which you have each willingly subscribed.

Mr. YOUNGHUSBAND *rose.*

Being the only married member of this society, I take upon me to open the debate, merely to set the argument going.—I have lately married a most engaging woman, and have every prospect of conjugal felicity; it is true, I cannot speak from long experience; and I may be accused of partiality when I give my voice in support of *accomplishments.* I do not mean the mere accomplishments of an automaton, but such as are improved by a well-informed mind; nor will I confine myself to the pleasures which are by those means afforded, but point out the inconveniences and mortifications to which the absence of such endowments too often leads. If thrown into polished society, an ignorant and uneducated woman must ever bring a blush upon the cheek of her husband—odious comparison shock his eyes and ears; odious, because he finds himself shut out from society by the aukwardness and ignorance of his wife, or admitted only to be made the but of ridicule. Should he, disdaining opinions, resolve to bury himself in obscurity, what horrors await him!—a tedious monotony of existence, nothing to sweeten life, peevish remonstrances at being "buried alive," and reproaches "that he is ashamed of his wife; that he thinks every other woman preferable;" and a thousand such complaints, which tend only to make his state the most miserable that can be imagined. On the other hand, behold a woman graceful and accomplished: she is an ornament to society; her husband's eyes are fixed on her with triumphant rapture; he sees no other, hears no other, will hardly admit of superior excellence in any other;—his friends envy him, his children look up to their mother with admiration and love, and by their own fireside the talents of his adored wife supply the absense of every other amusement.

Mr. CAVIL *rose.*

The animated language which my friend who spoke last used, makes me almost apprehensive that what I have to

offer will lose, in great measure, its proper influence on the auditors, as the subject is in itself cold, and admits not of such glowing colours. The junior part of the company will, no doubt, look astonished and displeased when, in opposition to the arguments so persuasively advanced by Mr. Younghusband, I presume to mention *prudence*, under which head I comprise industry and economy. The accomplishments which have been already so highly praised, I am well aware must, in great measure, tend to the suppression of these amiable qualities; but if we would be willing to substitute the *useful* for the agreeable, I should not despair of making my proposition good. It is, doubtless, a great gratification to a man's vanity, to see his wife courted and admired, and to have his own fireside rendered cheerful and amusing by her; but is he at the same time aware of the dangers to which these accomplishments expose her, and the endless extravagance to which they must inevitably lead. Few accomplished women but love to display their acquisitions, and consequently company, if visited abroad, must be visited at home; dissipation, to the injury of health and fortune, must ensue. Music, dancing, drawing, are each expensive in the pursuit, and a woman excelling in, and partial to such employments, has seldom much leisure or inclination for domestic occupations. I need not take up your time with a detail of the probable consequence; it is already but too generally known: let me now contrast this picture with that which occupies my mind. I behold a woman careful of her husband's interest in every particular; frugal without parsimony, prudent and modest in her deportment, industrious and cleanly, making her husband's home the palace of neatness and comfort; regulating the expences of her family with strictest economy, and laying up for him stores against a rainy day, when they may retire from the toils of business with a happy independence. Such a woman must secure felicity to her husband, and in the words of king Solomon, "her children shall rise up and call her blessed.'

Captain RATTLE *rose.*

So much for pounds, shillings, and pence, compound interest and legal security!! A truce with such calculations. Let nature now be heard; BEAUTY, sovereign beauty, at thy shrine I bow, an humble votary. Gentlemen, you

may look glum; the ladies smile, and that is sufficient encouragement for me to proceed—one dimple is worth twenty darns in an old stocking. Let me state the case clearly:—My wife, we will suppose, is an excellent economist, every sixpence must pass through her clutches; if I want some fruit after dinner, "my love, it is too extravagant," I must wear my coat till it is threadbare, then have it turned and new buttoned, and then it is "as good as ever;" her servants are continually robbing her, and the tradespeople giving false weight, or measure. Then she is always so overpowered with business, that she cannot spare an hour to sit down with me; and my answer is always, "my dear, I must see to these things; if I do not, all will go to rack and ruin;" then she pores over the weekly accounts, till she squints confoundedly, and the tip of her nose looks as red as her pickled barberries; and I am tormented night and day with the jargon of her domestic perplexities, and boasts of her extraordinary skill in culinary preparations, and her indefatigable pains taken for my comfort and happiness—Oh, providence, deliver me! Let me next bestow a few words on Mr. Younghusband's idol: I mean no offence to his lady, who happens to have personal attractions as well as other acquisitions, which, for the sake of argument, we are to suppose is not always the case.—Well, I have an accomplished wife; I take her into company; there I hear a pretty loud whisper—"Mrs. Rattle is a charming woman!" "Bless me, Sir, I never saw such a fright."—"She sings well," "Yes, but one need shut one's eyes to hear her."—"She dances admirably," "But then her face looks too heated and vulgar, and her legs are so shockingly thick, she should never expose them in that way."—"She plays divinely on the piano, quite a Cecilia;" "If she had not such clumsy fists she might do."—"She makes very sensible observations;" "Very true, but she should not come too near when she speaks, as her breath is not the pleasantest in the world."—"She has the carriage of a woman of fashion:" "She may thank her mantua and stay maker for that;" "Then, Madam, you do not admire the lady with all her accomplishments?" "Bless me, Sir, how can one admire a woman so sinfully ugly, he! he!" This may be thought a caricature; it may be so, yet a man is too often swayed by a malevolent sneer to under-rate the merits of

his wife, especially if his own senses bring conviction home; for my own part, I must candidly own myself a warm advocate for beauty—it is an ingredient which sweetens the cup of domestic discord—if disappointment attends his undertaking, the lovely lips of his wife soothe him to forgetfulness—if she has cause to be offended, and I have too much respect for the fair, to insinuate that they are ever offended without cause, "awful beauty puts in all her charms," and we adore the lovely tyrant; then follows the sweet bewitching smile of reconciliation, the fascinating accent of remonstrance, the tender pressure of the soft fair hand—Oh! it is utterly impossible for a man to be unhappy more than an hour with a beautiful woman, for

> If to her share some female errors fall,
> Look in her face, and you forget them all.

MR. PLACID *rose.*

I have listened with earnest attention to your opinions, gentlemen, and allow to each respectively its due share of merit for the taste, justice, and gallantry displayed in the discussion. I cannot deny that the charms of female beauty are irresistible; young and old acknowledge its sway; but it is not all-sufficient—the graces of a polished exterior, and well-informed mind, are sources of extreme gratification, both to the possessor and the partaker of the pleasure dispensed; and the *solid* benefits resulting from industry and economy are, without doubt, weighty considerations; but when we regard either separately, as most materially conducive to "happiness in the married state," we find them likely to fail of the desired effect, unless supported and assisted in their operation by GOOD TEMPER, by that chearful serenity of mind, which would enable her to bear the frowns of adversity with unrepining gentleness, which softens the pang of disappointment, and deprives even a sick bed of its terrors. A woman possessing this amiable pliancy of disposition, will study every little endearing art to make her husband happy; she will bear with his caprices, or faults, and amend her own on conviction, correcting the errors of her youthful family with persuasive tenderness, and unrepiningly submitting to such necessary privations as reduced circumstances may enforce. She will preserve order and harmony in her household, peace and good fel-

lowship amongst her neighbours, love, humility, and charity attend her footsteps—such are the advantages of *good temper*; and a woman thus qualified, however otherwise unadorned, in person or mind, cannot fail to secure happiness to herself and husband. Such a woman can never be ugly—the shafts of ridicule will fall powerless at her feet; for, as the elastic wool repels the deadly messenger, so the soft inmates of her peaceful bosom bid defiance to the murderous weapons of calumny.

When Mr. Placid ceased to speak, a murmur was heard in the assembly. Mr. Cavil, after a few moments, rose, but he seemed irresolute, and, after uttering a few unconnected sentences, declared, that he gave up his share of the contest: the other members immediately followed his example, and Mr. Placid was declared umpire. After expressing how much he felt himself flattered by the decision, he repeated the following impromptu:

Ladies, your talents I admire,
For wit and taste can seldom tire;
But prudence guides your conduct best,
And beauty gives to each a zest.
Add one thing more, your conquest's sure,
*Good temper* keeps the heart secure.

The question for the next debate was then settled to be, "Are long courtships likely to produce happy marriages?"

## *Cabinet of Fashion,*

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

### *MORNING DRESS.*

Nankeen Pelisse, border of White Lace; Straw Gipsey Hat, ornamented with a Wreath of white Flowers, and Bow of Ribbons on one side; Swansdown Tippet.

### *FULL DRESS.*

Round dress of pink or brown Silk Gauze, fastened up on one side with white Silk cord; Turban Sleeves, lined and trimmed up with white Silk; Head fashionably dressed, with a Plume of small Feathers, fastened with a sprig of Pearls; White tied Gloves, and Swansdown Muff.

ORNING DRESS

FULL DRESS

Published Nov.r 1.st 1806. by Verner, Hood, and Sharp, Poultry.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

THE

# APOLLONIAN WREATH.

## *ELEGY*

### ON THE DEATH OF AN INDIAN SLAVE.

IN climes where fiercely burns the solar beam,
Dwell souls untutor'd, save in nature's lore,
With well-brac'd arm they stem the rapid stream,
With hearts undaunted hear the whirlwinds roar.

See India's sable sons, a num'rous band,
Thro' gloomy forests chase the savage bear;
Each feather'd shaft, wing'd by th' unerring hand,
Deals the swift death; the well-earn'd spoil they share.

Yet what avails the blessings fate ordains,
When harden'd man pursues the hapless race?
Unmov'd he sees them, worn with heavy chains,
Denies his brothers labor's shortest space.

Perhaps, unprejudiced, some feeling breast
Shall mark with grief a suffering people's woe;
Shall wish to see their injuries redrest,
Nor like their fellow men a fiercer savage shew.

'Twas at the hour of twilight's sober gray
When, sadly musing on this transient state,
Along the church-yard's path I bent my way,
Counting the solemn monuments of fate.

Startled I heard the death bell's awful tone
Slowly a passing funeral's steps proclaim:
With mournful looks the little train pass'd on—
Oh! let not vanity despise this humble theme.

Poor pomp of pride! say can such scenes inspire
The giddy thought, or urge the vain research?
No! gay delusion sinks, and warm desire
Here fades the splendid dome and high rais'd arch.

Can blazon'd scutcheon, or can nodding plume
  Exult the heart, chill'd by death's icy hand,
Or wake the peaceful slumbers of the tomb,
  Or life's warm tide to the cold form command?

No more the morning's bright enliv'ning ray
  Shall cheer their souls at labor's call t' attend;
Nor o'er the moor shall bend their length'ning way,
  Or the glad night in festive revels spend.

Here, in a narrow space, the vaunted form
  Of earthly beauty, frailest gift, is laid,
Cold is the heart that purest feelings warm'd,
  Secure from flatt'ry rests the blooming maid.

Their fame, unmark'd, save by the mossy stone,
  Half worn by time, the characters appear;
Extinct their names, their virtues were unknown;
  Time e'en this sacred vestige will not spare.

The mournful train the opening grave surround
  In awful contemplation of the scene,
With pity's tears t' enrich the hallowed ground,
  And strew their cypress boughs with gentle mien.

Propt on a staff, a hoary-headed sage
  Thus me address'd, in modest accent, mild,
Stranger, does this sad scene your thoughts engage?
  If so, then pity sorrow's hapless child.

From India's shore the wretched mourner came,
  Victim to ruffian force and harden'd minds;
A wreckless boast of ignomy and shame
  To British souls, whom freedom's laws should bind.

Torn from his weeping partner's fond embrace,
  Regardless of the claim for mercy made,
Was forced wild ocean's utmost bounds to brave;
  For sordid hire to slavery betrayed.

His soul, indignant, spurn'd the galling yoke,
  Tho' forced to toil in hopeless misery,
By suffering was his gallant spirit broke;
  He wish'd for death, to set that spirit free.

When to the British shore the captive came,
  From rapine's sons his soul by death was ta'en.
Joyful he welcom'd his eternal doom,
  Nor shrunk aghast from agonizing pain.

On yonder stone his epitaph is penn'd,
  Sad tribute to the mem'ry of the man;
We are the hopeless alien's steady friend—
  Approach, and read, if you the lines can scan.

Here rests the victim of unlawful pow'r,
Unknown and friendless in a foreign clime;
Reader, his melancholy fate deplore,
By grief cut off in manhood's earliest prime.

Warm was his soul, his heart was firm and brave,
His virtues mild, tho' unskill'd in learning's page;
But misery mark'd him as her hapless slave,
And stern misfortune pour'd her deadliest rage.

Yet seek not to disturb his peaceful rest;
Forget the faults and errors of the dead.
No unfeeling mind his quiet can molest,
Where he reposes in his earthy bed."

ROSA G. BARRET.

## *MORNING.*

ONCE more from Ocean's mighty deep
Apollo climbs the aërial steep,
His course to take thro' heaven's serene,
Wide to diffuse his dazzling sheen.

Lo! in the East the morning breaks
Thro' thickest gloom, with ruddy streaks
Gilding the terrestrial fanes,
The rocks, the woods and flow'ry plains;
While night, with all her kindred train,
Are hast'ning to their dark domain.—
Nature again, Oh! what delight
Displays her landscapes to the sight
Of blooming prospects richly drest,
Whose charms invite the warbling guest,
And huntsmen thro' the various grounds
Pursue the game with num'rous hounds,
While the shrill horn at ev'ry blast resounds.
Now Chanticleer, with plumy coat,
Up-rising, swells his early note,
And strutting peacocks, fill'd with pride,
Their painted tails expanding wide,
Stalk thro' the farm yard's dirty round,
In search of grain from dunghill mound;
Where cows by turns obsequious stand,
Compliant to the milker's hand.
And now, to hail the rising day,
The lark, her tribute sweet to pay,
Shakes the moist dews from off her wings,
Then flutt'ring high, exulting sings:

To verdant fields his watch to keep,
The chearful shepherd drives his sheep;
Slow moving thro' the lanes they pass,
And, loit'ring, stay to nibble grass
That grows hard by the hedge-way side,
Where limpid currents smoothly glide,
While as they go soft tincklings make,
Whose sounds respond thro' ev'ry brake.
With pregnant gun the fowler roves
Thro' flow'ry meads and winding groves,
O'er ditch and style, down sloping greens,
Where a clear river intervenes,
Or some brown wood, whose awful shade
O'er-hangs the silent wat'ry glade;
On whose soft banks, with tremulous hands,
The patient angler lonely stands,
Intent upon the scaly tribe
That oft partake the fatal bribe.

Oh! slothful man, leave Morpheus' arms,
And taste the morning's opening charms!
Oh! taste the morning's balmy gale,
That murmuring, dies along the vale!
Rise! see Aurora's gates unfold,
And distant hills array'd in gold;
"For is there aught in sheep" can please
The mind, or give the body ease,
To lie, while Phœbus darts his beams,
Bewilder'd in a maze of dreams,
While fell disease, with noisome breath,
Sows the rank seeds of pain and death!
Then quickly from your slumbers rise,
Admire the beauties of the skies,
And pay your morning's sacrifice.

*Finsbury.* J. H.

## *I'LL CLAIM MY MARY IN THE SKIES.*

FAREWELL, ye envied plains, farewell!
To me no longer are ye dear,
For Mary, whom I lov'd so well,
Affection's voice no more can hear.

The fateful tomb now holds her form,
And oft I weep o'er her sad urn;
But soon I'll seek the battle's storm,
For ne'er to me can peace return.

I'll fly where war's destructive roar
Incessant pours its dire alarm;
For life's fleet joys are mine no more,
And earthly bliss has lost its charm.

But, ah! when mercy seals my doom!
When from my form the spirit flies!
In realms of peace beyond the tomb,
I'll claim my Mary in the skies! J. M. L.

## *ODE.*

HARK! yon dread sound from afar!
Light flashes from the gleaming spear;
Revenge high wields
His massy shields,
And whirls his iron car.

Swift his steeds and dark his brow,
Soon he bar'd his glitt'ring blade
O'er the fear-struck sons of woe;
By him o'er-power'd, low shrink their souls, dismay'd.

The sable bird now wings his flight,
And on th' ensanguin'd field alights;
With screaming cry,
He fills the sky—
In the bloody feast delights.

Low the strong and mighty arm
In death unmark'd the warrior lies;
Yet the heart by valor warm,
Shall, in its fame, to future times arise.

Praise, ye bards, the hero's name,
Loudly strike the harp of fame,
Dim thro' the air
They hover near,
Whilst we their deeds proclaim.

Louder yet a louder strain,
To charm the woes of wan despair;
Mark yon fair dishevell'd train,
As clad in sable weeds, with cries they rend the air.

Heroes appear in airy shrouds,
O! let our harps not sound in vain,
Not half seen in your misty clouds,
But as your forms are by our Druids seen.

Long time with hasty steps shall run,
E'er we our mystic rites have done,
In caves profound
Our harps shall sound,
When appears the full orb'd moon.

O'er the dark stream, where silence reigns,
Sweet each voice shall raise the song,
And touch their harps with bolder strains,
While thro' the air the dim forms pass along.

ROSA G. BARRET.

## *THE SORROWS OF SABINA.*

SEE where poor Sabina strays,
Mark her sad and pensive gaze,
Peace no longer known;
Doom'd misfortune's pangs to prove,
Doom'd to pine with hopeless love;
Health and joy are flown.

Once the happiest of the fair,
Ev'ry bliss was her's to share,
Then she blithely sung.
Friends and fortune now are fled,
Her parents mingled with the dead,
The knell of death has rung.

Rest on earth no more she'll find,
Anguish probes her feeling mind,
Joyless is her doom.
But when death shall clasp her form,
Ev'ry joy her soul shall warm,
In realms beyond the tomb! J. M. L.

## *SONNET*

### TO THE HEART.

SAY, trembling tenant of this pensive breast,
What lurking sorrow thus thy peace destroys;
Why melancholy sadness o'er thy joys
Thus broods, and cruel robs thee of thy rest?

Does some fair maid, for whom the heavy sigh,
In tone convulsive echoes round thy seat;
Does she, alas! the fond return deny,
Thy love demands, and love like thine should meet?

Hush'd be thy tumults wild—soon the cold grave
Shall o'er thy sorrows draw its icy veil;
And when all other means of comfort fail
Thy throbbing grief-wreck'd tenement to save,
The *tomb* shall be thy refuge—there thy woes
Will find, in death's cold arms, at last, repose.

*Sept. 6, 1806.* C——E.

*Elegiac Lines upon the much-lamented Death of Mrs. Birt, wife of Richard Birt, Esq. of South Warnbro', Hants, who died of a Cancer in her Breast.*

THE solemn knell, with awful sound, proclaims
A soul escaped this tenement of clay,
Bursting the bands of nature's binding claims,
*Guided* by *Seraphs* to the realms of day!

Yes, spotless spirit! thou art surely blest—
Virtues, like thine, seldom adorn this sphere.
Yet, who shall dare arraign the wise behest
That knew the agony she suffer'd here?

With pious patience were her pangs sustain'd,
Nature no longer could the conflict bear;
Yet Christian fortitude a summit gain'd,
And *resignation* triumph'd o'er *despair!*

Cheer'd by a conscious *rectitude* of life,
No gloomy horrors environ'd the tomb;
Affection taught the duties of a wife,
And *friendship's blossoms* bore the loveliest bloom.

Oh! she was *all* that friendship could require:
Deep is the loss each friend will now sustain!
To know such virtues is but to admire—
No more to view them is severest pain.

Reflection long shall trace their genial power,
And mem'ry fix them on the feeling mind,
For, like the fertilizing summer shower,
She shed the *dew* of *kindness* on mankind.

How oft has *sickness* rais'd its languid head,
To view the tear of pity in *her eye!*
How oft has *charity* her influence spread,
And, through her hand, bestow'd a rich supply.

And ah! how doubly was the boon enhanced
By unassuming tenderness and grace;
No supercilious haughtiness e'er glanced
From *eyes* of *softness* in an *angel's* face.

*Time* shall assuage the poignancy of woe,
But ne'er efface the memory of such worth;
Around her tomb the genuine tear shall flow,
And form a channel for the hallow'd earth.

Then, as the sun, this vapour shall exhale,
And, as by *suction*, draw it towards the skies;
*Birt's spotless spirit* shall perceive the gale,
And view the tribute with delighted eyes.

If God permits, in that seraphic sphere,
Angelic forms *this planet* to behold,
Then will the vapour, rising from a *tear*,
Appear to Birt more precious than pure gold.

*July*, 1806. M. P——.

## *ACROSTIC.*

M AY I, sweet dame, thy welcome presence hail,
A nd wish thee joy at charming Larga's vale,
R enown'd for healthful air, pure streams, sweet groves,
G allants, bright beauties, all the graces—loves,
A ll that can charm the heart, or please the eye,
R ich scenes that may with fam'd Arcadia's vie;
E ach gay delight has here a constant round,
T he song, the dance, the tabor's sprightly sound.

D elighting and delighted, all rejoice
R ound the gay board, while wit's enlivening voice
U nites, exhilarates, the moments fly,
M oments with pleasure wing'd, and extacy.
M ay'st thou enjoy each heartfelt pleasure here
O ! may thy worth to every soul be dear,
N e'er be thy mind with grief or care opprest,
D epart may peace and joy ne'er from thy breast.

J. C.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our ready insertion of the contributions of many of our correspondents will shew how desirous we are of their future favors.

"The Contented Shepherd" will appear in our next.

In answer to the angry note of Mr. Smith we have only to say that the papers to which he alludes are not in the hands of the present Editor; should he recover them, and think them worthy of insertion, they shall appear.

The communications of T. G.; E. G.; C. R.; "Verses on the death of Admiral Lord Nelson," "Ruhtra Nylmah," and other favors from our numerous friends, are received, and will be inserted.

The subject of J. A.'s letter is under the consideration of the proprietors.

We will thank G. for a title to his lines on Miss Isabella, as the wafer has torn it away.

The "first attempt" of Minor is far too imperfect for insertion; and the subject of *his* praise, Goethe's "Sorrows of Werter," is, in *our* eyes, worthy of the most decided reprobation.

Our correspondent who favoured us with the article on the "General Influence of Music," will not, we hope, be offended at our having changed his signature to *Harmonicus:* we altered merely to make a distinction between him and another respectable correspondent who signs himself *Henricus*.

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